



April 19, 1959

The Honorable John Foster Dulles  
Walter Reed Hospital

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I was in Germany when the news reached me that you have decided to submit your resignation due to your unfortunate present illness.

First of all, I pray to the Good Lord that he may spare you and give you a speedy recovery. As I have so often told you and written you, the world recognizes the tremendous services you have rendered not only to the United States but to the world at large. Editorials all over the world have expressed regrets and have given you praise.

But nothing touched me more deeply than the beautiful poem which I read in the Frankfurt Abend Post, entitled "Bouquet of Flowers for Mr. Dulles, Servant of his Conscience". I know you read German but I am attaching hereto also an English translation. Nothing has been more beautifully written and nothing expresses better the thinking of the little people of the world than this beautiful poem.

Since arriving here I have visited with Mr. Brentano. I also spoke to the Chancellor before he left on his vacation, and to other leading statesmen here and in France, and I am certainly proud, as an American, that our country has been blessed with the leadership of John Foster Dulles.

I beg to remain, with kindest personal regards,

Sincerely,

Julius Klein  
110 South Dearborn  
Chicago 3, Illinois

Ein Strauß Frühjahrsblumen für Mr. Dulles

## Diener seines Gewissens

U. - Ein Mann, der in Zeiten der Dunkel zu sein kapitulierte. John Foster Dulles, Amerikanischer Außenminister mußte sein Amt gestern zur Verfügung stellen.

Sechs lange Jahre hat er sich auf diesem Amt. Den Mann mit der randlosen Sicht, der sich immer etwas mißvergnügt Erscheinenden, der unsichtbar in den gehobenen Zeigefinger hinter jeder Entscheidung des Kreises der Führers und des Westens stand.

Als er gestern von der Bühne des großen Welttheaters abtrat, erinnerte man sich, was er nicht war.

Nicht der bekannte Typ des Diplomaten;  
nicht der „Fuchs“ in den diplomatischen Kreisen der Diplomatie;  
nicht der geschickte Föderenier in überzuckerter Cocktailparties;  
nicht der Gegenstand eines stolzen Altkönigens;  
nicht der rosige, selbstbewußte „Mr. Dulles-man“;  
nicht der Mann, dem Damen zwischen 18 und 80 Straße nachwarten;  
nicht der Politiker, noch dessen Kriegerleid sich jemand richten konnte;  
nicht der Mann, dem eine rote Blumenstrauß auf der 5th Avenue New Yorks jemals Spalt gemacht hatte.

Aber er ist ein Mann, der neben dem unverheilich labilen Präsidenten des mächtigsten Staates der Welt immer der erste Diener seines Gewissens blieb.

So wurde er unbedingt dankbar - unbegreiflich. Und warum? Er war ein Mann.

der Politik nach der Grundzüge seiner festen Moral „machte“;  
der sein Amt fast als eine Anstrengung urnah;  
der zwischen Kanzler und Minister keine keinen Unterschied fand;  
der hinter dem „Zutritt“, der bis zum Außenminister mache, alles zurückstelle, was ihm nicht beliebt gemacht hätte.

So sieht die Bilanz an, die der diplomatischen Laufbahn des „Schulmeisters von Washington“ ist. Eine Bilanz eines ehrlichen Mannes. Er braucht sie nicht in den Senat und Walter-Reed-Hospitals - nicht zu schämen.

Und irgendeine Nichtschwester wird diesem störrischen Puritaner hoffentlich einen Strauß Frühjahrsblumen heimlich auf den Tisch stellen.

(Translated from German)

A Bouquet of Flowers for Mr. Dulles

S E R V A N T   O F   H I S   C O N S C I E N C E

A man who never took time to be sick, has capitulated: John Foster Dulles, America's Secretary of State, was compelled yesterday to surrender his post.

For six hard years the world has seen him in office. The man with the rimless spectacles who always appeared somewhat discontented, and who stood invisibly, his finger raised, behind each decision made by the White House and the West.

When he stepped down yesterday from the stage of the great world theater, we remembered what he never has been:

Not the customary type politician;  
not the "fox" in the dark corridors of diplomacy;  
not the one who artfully pulled the strings at elegant cocktail parties;  
not the subject of amusing anecdotes;  
not the rosy cheeked, selfconscious selfmade man;  
not the man who used to be showered with flowers by ladies between 18 and 80;  
not the politician whose necktie could have served as a model to anybody;  
not the man who would ever have enjoyed a confetti parade on New York's Fifth Avenue.

But he is a man who, next to the President of the most powerful country in the world whose own health is none too stable, has always remained the first servant of his conscience.

Thus he became an inconvenient, unpopular, stubborn figure. And why?

He was a man who "made" politics according to the principles of his strong morale,  
regarded his post as a sort of mission,  
found no difference between a pulpit and the chair of a cabinet member,  
sacrificed to the "accident" by which he became Secretary of State everything that might ever have made him popular.

That is the balance drawn at the end of the diplomatic career of the "Schoolmaster of Washington". It is the balance sheet of an honorable man of which he--now confined to bed at Walter Reed Hospital--does not have to be ashamed.

We do hope that some night nurse will secretly place a bouquet of spring flowers on the table of this headstrong Puritan.

He surely deserves it.

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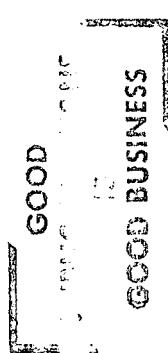
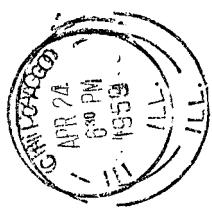
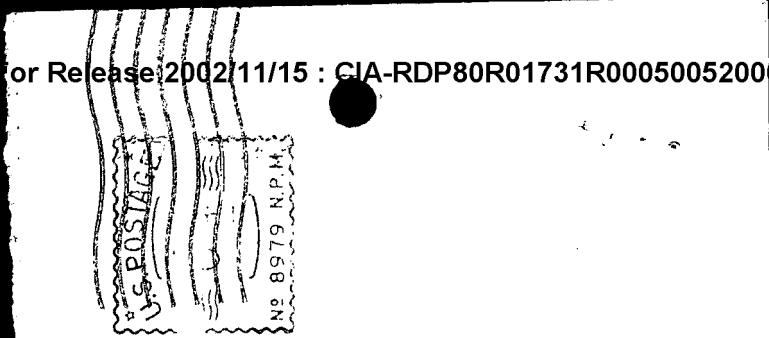


The Honorable Allen W. Dulles

Park Hotel  
1133 11th

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The Honorable Allen W. Dulles  
2430 E Street  
Washington 25, D. C.